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Yet thou, didst thou but know thy fate,
Would'st melt, my tears to see;
And I, methinks, should weep the less,
Would'st thou but weep with me.

Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep ye winds
That vex the restless brine—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be seal'd,
As peacefully as thine!



To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a *Power*, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must trace alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.



To a Friend on his Marriage.

WHILE now the tepid skies and gentle rains
 Of April bid the gushing brooks o'erflow ;
 While scarce their earliest verdure tints the plains
 And cold in hollows lurks the lingering snow ;—
 Lone, sauntering in the sunny glade to know
 If yet upon the moss banks of the Grove
 That little flower of golden vesture blow,
 Which first the spring receives from Flora's love ;
 I hum this careless strain as deviously I rove.
 Not yet unlovely, nor with song uncheer'd
 Is this pale month, and still I love to greet,
 At misty dawn, the blue bird's carol heard,
 And red breast, from the orchard warbling sweet ;
 The fogs, that, as the sun slow rises, meet
 In snowy folds along the channell'd flood ;
 The squirrel issuing from his warm retreat,
 The purple glow that tints the budding wood,
 The sound of bursting streams by gathered mounds with-
 stood.

And now the heaving breast, and glances meek,
 The unbidden warmth in beauty's veins declare ;
 The gale that lifts the tresses from her cheek,
 Can witness to the fires that kindle there ;
 Now is the time to woo the yielding fair ;—
 But thou, my friend, may'st woo the fair no more ;
 Thine are connubial joys and wedded care,
 And scarce the hymenean moon is o'er,
 Since first, in bridal hour, thy name Eliza bore.

And if thy poet's prayer be not denied,
 The hymenean moon shall ever last ;
 The golden chain, indissolubly tied,
 Shall brighten as the winged years glide past ;
 And wheresoe'er in life thy lot be cast,
 For life at best is bitterness and guile—
 Still may thy own Eliza cheer the waste,
 Soften its weary ruggedness the while,
 And gild thy dreams of peace, and make thy sorrows smile.